

Blinded Through Bliss

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Summary: Toothless's tailfin is restored, but as happy as he is, a particular someone isn't. A collection of drabbles from yours truly.

1. Blind

Warning! Super! Super! OOC Toothless present!

* * *

><p>Oh. My. Yes! I'm free!</p>

The wings of victories are back!

I am the king of the skies! I will do anything that I please! I will breathe fire, breathe, and not breathe! I am unstoppable!

I had no idea that I could fly until Hiccup pointed it out to me. The tailfin was growing back steadily, and Hiccup had to remove the prosthetic so it wouldn't hurt the newly regrown organ. I was so happy to know that it was there! Like, I must have been eating so much, my body is finally recovering itself after long last!

I dash through the air, spreading my wings open wide and letting the water silhouette my graceful body. I dive down once, snatching several fish in the stunt. Dragons are born with the skill to swim (or at least float), but it takes practice to snatch food out of the water so easily and swiftly.

Well, what am I to say? I'm a Night Fury! I'm the quiet watcher of the skies! Of course I know how to make a living off these aquatic vertebrates!

Oh, man, I can feel the adrenaline pumping through me. I want to fly as far as I can and never look back. I want to see every sunset and

every sunrise with my green eyes, through my greenish vision and my artful mind. I want to paint all the feelings of joy and freedom together and I want to stash it into the safest parts of my heart, where I can always feel the joy of being free and alive.

Tailfins! What else could I ask for?

T

It's been a while since things changed.

Well, actually, things change all the time. It's just our brains that tell us which stories are more or less significant.

The more people see it as important, though, the more you feel it's important, too.

For example, I think a bird flying towards its (hers) nest to be important, but others usually don't. Well, Toothless thinks it's important too- so I put more effort into thinking about the bird. If the village is under attack, though, then everyone thinks it's important, and now that everyone cares, its priority rises exponentially in ranks.

So, with only me and Toothless caring about the most recent developments, I thought that it would a good idea to think about this, so maybe someone else would care too.

The cove lies empty and quiet, save for me, who is lazily sketching into my damned notebook.

I sketch Toothless's slender form as he shoots through the sky, his tailfins fully healed and whole. Had this been a few months ago, this would by only a fantasy, him being able to fly without me. But one day, it just happened. A few weeks after he saved me, Toothless's missing tailfin began to grow back. He says that it's from all the fish that he's been eating, but it's probably some kind of powerful Night Fury bodily function that only appears when things are just right. Like how we grow up when our bodies are well-nourished and cared for, dragons heal their scars when the conditions are met. I would give anything to study this new development, but I don't think Toothless would like me prodding and labeling his parts.

Toothless, on the other hand, thinks that it's just an amazing development. He doesn't seem to care why his tailfin has grown back; he's just happy that it's there.

Really? I can go anywhere I want now? he said, his eyes lighting up. Like, wow! Now I can eat fish and play all day!—

Of course, he still stays next to me and everything, but he will now more than often run off and sniff at something suspicious, or suddenly take off and come back with a mouthful full of fish. It's sort of fun to watch him be like this.

I'm glad that he's free again. I'm glad that he can now do whatever he wants. I'm glad that he can roam the skies properly again, twist, turn, and dive through the air like he was born to do it (he is) Maybe he'll even find a mate and he'll have children!

I'm glad, in short, that he is happy. After being deprived of the ability to fly for so long must have put out a flame in him that he usually has, which is wanderlust. Dragons don't like staying in the same place for a long time, for like us humans, dragons also crave for things new and interesting.

I can still remember the look on his face when he noticed that he could fly once again; giddy, joy, and freedom written in his eyes, splashed around as he jumps around, spilling out his joy to others with his happy dance, causing us soaked by the bliss to smile too.

That's of course, what I like about him being whole.

What I don't like, of course, is that he no longer relies on me to fly. We used to be a bond that depended on each other to survive, but now that Toothless can now fly at will, I feel like that I'm less important than him- which is probably true. You can't compare a human to a dragon, because there are so many differences and conditions that it gets confusing and usually produces unclear results.

From all that I can see, Toothless is just awesome whereas I'm just plain stupid. Stupid for thinking about all this. Stupid for feeling jealous at Toothless, who can now take into the skies and leave me at any time, and how his wholeness has just been so admired by the people of the village. I, of course, am still neglected, but his increasing popularity among both humans and dragons alike hurts me a lot, too.

I wonder what Toothless thinks about this. I want to know what Toothless feels about having his tail healed and whole, the Night Fury in him now complete once again.

Because I care about him so much. What would I do if he left me with only that?

T

And so, one day, it grew back! Isn't that awesome? I tell Stormfly, who is looking at me disbelievingly.

It looks nice, I guess, she says, bringing up her own tail in full view. But I like mine better. Who wouldn't want to shoot spikes from their tail?

I have the speed of a flying knife tripled, I boast, spreading my wings haughtily. What does your heavy tail do?

The last time I checked, weigh down on people so they can't retaliate? she says dejectedly.

I grin. Not the Toothless grin, but a toothy, lazy grin. It's been one that I've been using ever since I got my flight back, and it just feels nice to have a new smile for a change.

It doesn't matter, I say, snorting. I'm still the fastest dragon on Berk.

On Berk, eh? she says tauntingly. Ever thought that there are other villages too? Doesn't your brain remember anything during those

raids?_

I smirk. _Why wouldn't I? Those villages don't have dragons alongside humans yet, and I remember that_ I _was the leader of most of the raids, remember?_

Oh, so you think that was a good thing?

Oh, shut up, I mock. _I don't suppose that you were smart enough to evade the human's capture?_

She flushes. Say_ that again and I'll-_

What? You'll what?

Stormfly looks at me angrily.

Go away! I don't care about your stupid tailfin and I certainly don't want to talk to you! she yells.

Oh, I'll go do that, I say happily. _I'm free, and you're free, but you're not using it! Does that make you smart?_

With that, I take off and fly into the sky. Stormfly doesn't follow, but I couldn't care for so much less.

I can fly! I can fly, dammit!

T

"Hey, Fishlegs," I say, approaching the bookworm. The reason I decide to meet him and not Astrid is sort of complicated, but it involves jealousy and pain.

"Hey, Hiccup," he says. "What's wrong? Your face seems different today."

"Toothless has been going outside for 3 days straight now," I tell him. "He leaves before sunrise and comes in far after I'm asleep. It's so frustrating."

"Toothless is really happy that he's up and flying again, isn't he?" Fishlegs asks, looking at me comprehendingly.

I nod. "I've always thought that Toothless at least liked me," I say, sighing loudly. "Now he acts like he doesn't know me at all. We haven't seen each other in three days."

"What do you think he's thinking right now?" he asks, holding up the Book of Dragons and beginning to write. This does not irritate me, instead comforts me even.

"Anything that doesn't involve me," I say, sitting down on the soft grass next to his house.

"Hm," he says. "Meatlug sometimes flies off on her own as well, but I can usually follow because she's so slow."

"I obviously can't catch up with a Night Fury, though," I say, kneeing my hands.

"I know. Soâ€| maybe you should wait for him?" he asks.

I raise an eyebrow.

"...Really? You think so?" I ask, unsure of even myself. I would have slapped myself at this thought months ago, back when our bond was so tight, but nowâ€| what am I going to do?

"It'll work," he says confidently. "If Toothless is still coming back to the house for shelter, then he still must care about you, right?"

"Yeahâ€| maybe," I say, but I don't bet on it.

"...Is there anything else?" he asks, snapping the book shut. "I'm all ears, you know."

"Iâ€| Why is Toothless like this, Fishlegs? I thought that he cared about me! I thought that we were one! Now, Iâ€| I don't even know if he's coming back or not!" I almost yell, pain welling up my eyes slowly.

What is wrong with you, Toothless? Do you care about me anymore? Do you have the faintest reminder of who I am, nowadays? Can you think of how many times I nearly died, looking for you in the damn woods, and ended up with nothing? While you are out and doing your dragon things? Why, Toothless?

A soft hand touches my shoulder. It's Fishlegs.

"It'll be alright," he says. "Toothless must still care about you."

I nod, knowing what he says he knows about even less than me. It's not a lie, but it's not the truth, either.

It hurts, regardless.

And, as much as I hate pain, I can't help but stand in it and let it wither me away.

Because I still care about Toothless.

* * *

><p>Well! Consider this as a filler for a while, because I'm still thinking of what to actually write about for the Toothless's Mother story. Suggestions are welcome!

Speaking of which, Immortality will still be getting updates, albeit not related to Toothless's mother that much (both share the same timelines).

2. Understanding

Moar drabbles! I'm With You by Avril Lavine by the end of the story adds a nice touch of snow.

* * *

><p>The world is just so big.

The village is just stupidly small compared to what I've seen. I don't even remember why I was there in the first place.

And with the land all spread out ahead of me, I'm so prepared to go anywhere I want. I've got wings, I've got energy, and I've got all the time in the world. There's nothing stopping me from leaving!

I've heard Stormfly and the others talk about a land where there are endless amounts of fish, the winds blow in all the right directions and the land never dries up. The place where dragon nip grows all year around and the forests are abundant with caves. It's any dragon's dream.

When I wanted to bring the others along, though, they all shook their heads. I don't know why, but they sound pretty stupid. Who wouldn't want to fly off into a land of paradise?

I'm nearly there, anyway. It's been a day already since I've left the island, and I'm feeling better than ever already. There's just a small tingle in my brain that racks me of something, but I just can't put a paw on it.

But what should I care? I'm young, I'm free. I'll live my life and I won't look back. I'll fly into the distance, the land of endless possibilities.

And it's all there for me!

H

The night is falling quickly. It's usually like this near winter, when the sun sets early and the moon rises incredibly fast. The people go back to bed early, and the world seems to just slow down to a haze as the populace find ways to keep themselves warm to the darkening world.

I have several blankets over me, yet I don't feel warm at all.

I told myself that I'd duke it out and wait for Toothless to come back. I reminded myself of the days that we once had, flying in the sky, back when the world below us meant nothing, the time where everything just felt so damn right.

Standing here, by the window, I crave for him to come back. I want him to be here for me, even to just say goodbye. I wish he knew what he meant to me, and I want him by my side.

I'm sorry that I've been a terrible friend, Toothless. I should have cared about you more, loved you more, listened to you more. I know you're a dragon, but you're more human than anyone I've ever seen. You saved my life so many times, but you're outright killing me now.

Please come back, Toothless.

T

What the hell!

There is no paradise at all. The lands that the dragons mentioned were a place of smoldering ruins and war-torn chaos. There was nothing at all with paradisaical themes, and there isn't even fish in the sea! This can't be real!

I have no place to go now. I don't know where to be, because the biggest dream of my life has just broken down. I don't have any hope in me left, and I feel terrible.

The aching in my brain continues to grow. It reminds me of something that I don't remember of. I wonderâ€| I wonder.

Does anyone care about me anymore? They lead me into this place, and for what? To get rid of me?

Stormfly hates me. Hookfang hates me, but I hate him too. The other dragons probably won't talk to me anymore, and I really want them too. I'm not a social dragon, but I'm not a completely solitary one, either.

Night Furies are solitary, a voice in my head recalls.

Then why am I suddenly craving this need for acceptance?

Because someone taught you how to feel accepted.

Who? Stormfly? She never taught me anythingâ€| I don't remember. Or did she?

Was telling me to come here meant to mean something?

You taught him as well, remember?

I taught _him?_ Do I know anyone who Iâ€|

Waitâ€|

"_Astrid, this is Toothless. Toothless, Astrid._"

"_Toothless, huhâ€|? I swear that you hadâ€|_"

Oh, no.

Oh, no no no.

Hiccup.

The one who taught me how to be a dragon again. The one who I was supposed to be with all my life. The one who have me enough back, just for me to leave him there.

I have to find him.

I turn around, my wings flapping furiously as the snow begins to fall all around me, signally the beginning of winter.

Just hang in there, Hiccup.

H

The cold night only makes me feel worse and worse. The blankets aren't anything compared to the snow that's pouring down on us. Some of the villagers have come out to celebrate, namely Astrid, but I just can't bring myself to celebrate with her, knowing that Toothless is out there somewhere.

I can't stand to think that he doesn't care about me anymore.

But it's reality, isn't it?

He hasn't been back for three days, so why should he be back tonight?

He's gone. And there's nothing I can do about it.

I want to, but I can't.

I want to be with you, Toothless. Why'd you have to leave?

I don't even care about my crush. Where is Toothless?

Where is that dragon who changed my life? The dragon that showed me that life was more than just staying in a stupid forge and standing to be bullied?

Where is the dragon who showed me that I /_meant_ something?

Dammit, Toothless! I need you!

I sit on the ground, watching the window as it snows harder and harder. My hands are cold, my chest is cold, and my heart is completely frozen.

Toothlessâ€| youâ€| reptileâ€| _friend_â€|

Why leave me to rot in a place like this?

What am I supposed to be, now?

Just _roar_ or something! I need an answer!

Screech!

Huh?

A large, black color is darting through the sky- right towards the house.

Toothless?

In the distance, I see two giant wings, flapping furiously through the cold. The image gets bigger and bigger, and finally, I can make out a dragon flying straight at me.

Toothless! He'sâ€| he'sâ€|

I'm stunned from shock as two green eyes are suddenly in front of me, standing on the window curiously.

"Toothless?"

Toothless nods fervently, jumping into the room and tackling me down.

"Ow! Hey! Toothless!"

He wraps his legs around me, hugging me tightly and whimpering softly.

"Hey, Toothless!" I say breathlessly. "You're back!"

Another whimper confirms that. He snuggles tightly around me, wings folded back in rest.

"I'm sorry that I didn't treat you well enough," I say.

Toothless looks at me, his eyes wide with concern. They say I'm sorry.

"Me too, bud," I say, stroking his head softly.

Toothless croons and hugs me tightly. He rolls to the side so I can breathe properly.

And when he does, I hug him right back.

"Are you going anywhere else, Toothless?" I ask cautiously.

A growl that can only mean /no resonates from inside of him.

And, through the night, Toothless never leaves my side. I see his restored taifin, and I see him next to me once again.

Toothless.

T

Myâ€| Hiccup. I never thoughtâ€| I'm sorry, Hiccup.

I should have stayed by your side.

I was too indulged in being able to fly again to remember about you, but now that I do, it all comes back in a torrent of emotions and pain that I can't fathom.

I left you for something that I thought was a paradise, but I quickly found out that paradise isn't anywhere far at all.

It is being next to you, by your side, that gives me the strongest sense of happiness that I ever had.

I'm so sorry that I ever left you in the first place.

No travelling that I've ever done makes me as happy as just cuddling here by your side, watching as you fall asleep slowly.

I don't know why I ever left you in the first place. You're always here for me, and I never thought of that before. Now, I know how much you mean to me.

Thank you, Hiccup.

* * *

><p>Yay! I finally got this thing done! I will (hopefully) be able to update Searching For Lightning in a few days or so.

End
file.